

# A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

WE beg to extend to you our hearty thanks for helping us to make our 30th Anniversary such a grand success.

WE regret our inability to accommodate so unexpectedly large a crowd.

TO the thousand or more turned away we promise a musical treat in the near future.

Sanders & Stayman Co.,  
1327 F Street.

## AMUSEMENTS.

NATIONAL To-night at 8:15.  
Mat. To-morrow.  
Nights... 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.  
Mornings... 25c, 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

JOS. M. GATTS' Magnificent Production,  
**THRETTWINS**  
WITH  
CLIFTON CRAWFORD

Next Week—Seats on Sale,  
CHARLES FROHMAN, Presents  
**FRANCIS WILSON**

IN HIS OWN COMEDY SUCCESS,  
"THE BACHELOR'S BABY."

**BELASCO** To-night at 8:20  
Good Seats All Performances. Mat. Saturday.

**FORBES-ROBERTSON**  
IN "THE PASSING OF  
THE THIRD FLOOR BACK"

NEXT WEEK—SEATS NOW.  
**Fritzi Scheff**  
In "THE MIKADO"

**ACADEMY** MATS, TUES.,  
THURS., & SAT.  
Prices, 25c, 35c, and 50c—No Higher.

**THE WHITE CAPTIVE**  
COSMOS CONTINUOUS  
1 to 11 P. M.

Matinees, 10c; evenings, 10c and 20c.  
Annie Abbott, the Georgia Magnet.  
The South Trio, Comedy Cyclists.  
Bessie La Coma, Dainty Comedienne.  
Robert Hadley & Co., Comedy Playlet.  
Florence Hughes, the "Stout Party".  
The Great Mrs. Trapese & Black Wire.  
Three New Picture Plays Daily.

**GAYETY** 9th Street,  
Near F.  
All this week,  
Matinees Daily.

**MARATHON GIRLS**  
With an All-Star Cast of Favorites.  
NEXT WEEK—"PARISIAN WIDOWS"

**LYCEUM** MATINEE DAILY  
ALL THIS WEEK,  
THE GIRLIE GIRL SHOW,  
THE JOLLY GIRLS  
NOTHING BUT GIRLS.  
25c DANCING  
AMUSEMENTS

NEXT WEEK—NEW CENTURY GIRLS.  
**THE ARCADE** 14th Street and  
Park Road N. W.  
ADMISSION TO BUILDING FREE.  
GENERAL ADMISSION, 10c.  
SKATING—Mornings and After-  
noons, 10c; Evenings, 20c.  
Couple's Ticket, Including Admission and Skates, 50c.  
Dancing 8:30 to 11:30 P. M.  
Admission, 25c.

Special Rates for Clubs. Mrs. Mattingly's Dancing  
Class Every Wednesday and Friday Evening, 7:30 to  
9:30 P. M. For Lesson.

**NEW HOWARD THEATER**  
BY SPECIAL REQUEST,  
"MY FRIEND FROM DIXIE"

Positively Last Week of This Big Musical Comedy  
Production.  
HILL, SHELTON, BROWN, MITCHELL, AND  
B. COMPANY.  
Seats Now on Sale.  
NEXT WEEK—ST. KIMO.

**MOVING PICTURES.**  
**THE PLAZA**  
434 NINTH STREET N. W.  
12 Noon to 11 P. M.  
THE TOYMAKER (FIRST  
SHOW)  
THE DOLL AND THE DEVIL (SHOWING)  
A SHADOW OF THE PAST  
5c 5c 5c

**ALHAMBRA THEATER,**  
519 Seventh Street N. W.  
The Biggest Show in Town  
ADMISSION AT ALL TIMES, 50c.  
New Pictures Daily.  
WILLIAM AIREY, Manager.  
A Biograph Picture Every Day.

**MAJESTIC THEATRE**  
VAUDEVILLE  
Another Star Show This Week

## AMUSEMENTS.

**COLUMBIA** To-night, 8:15  
Mats. Thrs. & Sat.

FORREST HALSEY'S NEW PLAY,  
"MY MAN"

Dramatized from His Famous Novel,  
"THE QUALITY OF MERCY"

NEXT WEEK SEATS ON SALE  
TUESDAY.  
The Year's Biggest Novelty,  
**JULIAN ELTINGE**

Who Will Be Seen for the First Time in Wash-  
ington in the Somewhat Different  
Comedy, with Mabel  
**THE FASCINATING WIDOW**  
By the Authors of "Madame Sherry."

**COLUMBIA THEATER**  
**BURTON HOLMES**

Course A, 5 Sunday Evns. at 8:30.  
Course B, 5 Monday Mats. at 4:30.  
ALL NEW

Munich and Bavaria—Nov. 20 & 21  
Passion Play, 10:10—Nov. 27 & 28  
Prague and Bohemia—Dec. 4 & 5  
Motoring in Germany—Dec. 11 & 12  
Twice Around the World—Dec. 18 & 19

SALE COURSE  
TICKETS, TUES., NOV. 15  
\$4, \$3, & \$2.50; Closes Thurs., Nov. 17  
MAIL ORDERS NOW.

**FRIDAY** Tickets now selling at T. Arthur  
Smith's Agency, 1411 F street nw.  
First appearance in this city in two years of  
the world's foremost interpreters of chamber  
music,  
**The Flonzaley Quartette**

In a judiciously selected program of rare ex-  
cellence and beauty.

**Chad's VAUDEVILLE**  
Daily Matinees, 2c, 5c, 10c, and 15c.  
Stars of Grand Opera and Gay Comedy.  
The Beautiful and Gifted American Artist, Donna  
Granger of the "Trio Role" in Puccini's  
"The Fisherman's Wife" and "The Little Boat."  
GEORGE V. ROBERTSON, "The Little Boat."  
The Famous "Mystery" may meet Success  
Vaudeville Comedy.  
GORDON & MARK, MILLIE THAYER'S NO-  
VELTY CIRCUS, THE FOUR FLAMES, Miss Ed-  
ith Beckwith, Field Bros., "Take Me Out to the  
Ball Game," "THANKSGIVING WEEK," The Military  
Comedy Revue, "The Code Book," Harry  
Williams and Jean Schwartz, Stuart Barnes, etc.  
Buy Seats Today.

**FOOTBALL**  
**Georgetown**  
vs. V. M. I.  
SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 2:30 P. M.  
Admission, 75c.

**CASINO**  
**THE BEST**  
**VAUDEVILLE**  
SHOW IN TOWN  
MATINEES, 1,000 SEATS, 10c

**AVENUE GRAND THEATER**  
645-649 Pa. ave. se.  
Washington's Favorite Family Theater.  
BEST VAUDEVILLE, PICTURES AND MUSIC.  
PRICES 10c AND 50c

**Halt!**  
You can't find a better place to satisfy your hun-  
ger than right here. Plenty of good things to eat  
and drink at all hours. We cater to the tastes of  
all. Come any time—we're always ready to serve you.

**HARVEY'S RESTAURANT**  
Pa. Ave. and Eleventh St.  
Dine at all hours.  
Elevator to Upper Floors.  
Private Dining Rooms and Banquet Hall.  
Open Sundays After 12:30 P. M.

**Washingtonians Give Dance.**  
The Washingtonians gave their weekly  
dance last night at National Rifes Ar-  
mory. Music was furnished by the club's  
orchestra, with W. A. Hoyerberg as di-  
rector. The committees were as follows:  
J. S. Brown, chairman; R. T. Bricker, E.  
M. Moreland, and Frank Gennart, floor  
committee; O. V. Moreland, chairman,  
and M. C. Bricker, reception committee.

# The House of Ill-Luck

By BLANCHE EARDLEY.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### Watching.

"I don't know what to do, Dacre! If I fight the chap, as I said I would do yesterday, how do I know what misery I might not bring down on her head? He certainly got the whip hand of me when he said I would find it difficult to corner him."

Mr. Dacre looked at Sir Douglas's weary face with sympathetic eyes. "My dear chap, that's what the blackguard calculates upon," he said cheerfully. "He knew you and Miss Rosemary—I cannot call her by that chap's name—were in love with each other, and produced that fact as a trump card, guessing that you would hesitate to wound the man who was her husband. But if you take my advice you will not only do all you can to trace this mystery to its root, but will fight the man for her sake, as you said last night."

"And then he will claim her, and she will be miserable and disgraced," Sir Douglas groaned. "I spoke passionately last night because I was so overwrought by the hideous discovery that she was the woman he had married, but I feel inclined to offer him a certain sum a year to go away and leave her in peace."

"My dear Douglas," Dacre said earnestly, "believe me, it is cruel to the girl to do that. She loves you passionately, and this farce of a marriage, it is easy to see, was merely a matter of convenience. He probably did not see her till the day he married her, and who knows what lies that chap Craven told her to get her to consent to go through the ceremony? Besides, this man is certainly an impostor, and if he would go so far as to take a dead man's place he would not stick at a little thing like bigamy."

"Bigamy?" Sir Douglas exclaimed. "What do you mean, Dacre? Don't jest, man, for God's sake!"

"I mean," Dacre replied, "that there is nothing to prove he hadn't a wife previously, before the other ceremony took place; but, of course, there is nothing to prove that it was so, only it is a bare possibility. When I am in town I shall begin the great search, only you must not be disappointed if I fail; he added bitterly.

"I know you will do your best, old chap," Sir Douglas answered. "I think I will go up town with you. I feel I could not stick to this place with my own thoughts as comfort. Besides, she might feel easier if I were away," he added bitterly.

"I don't think it will do any harm to come up to town with me," Dacre said briskly. "Our friend, Mr. Usher—or Knight—has the advantage of us by a few hours, but that does not matter. Are you sure that Lady Mallaby is fit to be left?"

Sir Douglas nodded. "I think so. The nurse has gone away for a few days' holiday, and Keziah is looking after her now; but she is quite well, only a bad cold has kept her from being down stairs, thank goodness, for it had almost had a dangerous effect upon her if she had met my late visitors."

Half an hour before he went to the station with Dacre, Sir Douglas paid a visit to his mother. She was sitting in her usual place, staring out toward the maze with moody, restless eyes.

"I'm going up to town for a couple of days, mother," he said cheerfully. "Is there anything you'd like me to do for you?"

She looked at him without answering for a moment. Then she said slowly: "Why do you go away? You do no good by going. Every time you leave Luck House you separate yourself from the treasure."

Sir Douglas sighed wearily. His eyes had just noticed the slim, black-robed figure of Rosemary sitting in a chair, a book in her hand and an ineffable expression of sadness upon her young face.

"The treasure I am leaving behind me can never be further from me than it is now, mother," he said slowly, and knew that Rosemary had understood him, for her face flamed for an instant, then went deathly pale.

"I don't like it," the old woman muttered. "I want the treasure to be found, and the luck of Luck House made sure. They call it in the village the House of Ill-Luck, and I hate it—I hate it!"

"Never mind, mother," he said soothingly. "When I return I will begin another search, and perhaps I shall succeed. Who knows?"

"You laugh at the legend," she retorted in a vexed tone. "You have never believed in it, and I know what I know." "I will take it up seriously when I return," he said patiently. "Good-by, dear."

Then he dropped a light kiss on her forehead and left the room without glancing in the direction of Rosemary, though she was so close to him that her skirt actually brushed him. But when he was in the corridor he felt a light touch on his arm, and, turning, he saw Rosemary behind him, her face pale with emotion.

"I must speak to you a word quickly," "It is important, Sir Douglas."

He followed her to her little sitting room in silence. When she had closed the door, she turned and faced him. "I wanted to ask you to find another companion for Lady Mallaby," she said slowly. "As you are going to town, you can perhaps find time to do it."

He looked at her steadily. "You wish to leave Luck House?"

She threw out her hands despairingly. "How can I stay and know that I am eating the bread of the people whom I have been the means of robbing of their right?" she said. "Do you think I don't know what you must be thinking every time you see me? It would not drive you away," he said.

"I must go," she repeated. "Since those awful people told me the truth I have been miserable, and each day makes it harder for me to bear."

"Then you did not change your name when you came here because you knew Stephen Usher was my cousin?" Sir Douglas asked quickly.

"I knew nothing," she repeated. "I changed my name to that of the dead girl whose bag I had, because I was afraid those awful people would find me. Then, when Mr. Craven and his sister came, I recognized them at once and they did me—but the other—she paused and flushed—"I fancy he learned through a book I had dropped with my real name in it. Oh, I can't tell you what I feel," she went on passionately. "I was so anxious for you to find happiness and wealth, to be the person who has lost it for you!"

"Perhaps not quite lost," he said gently; "there is a chance that Stephen Usher might not be my cousin, after all. Mr. Dacre has found out that he—my cousin—was so ill with consumption that he died in Switzerland."

Rosemary raised her head and looked at him with startled eyes. "Then you may have the money, after all," she breathed. "Oh, I am so glad—so glad. That will be some recompense for everything else."

"Do you think anything could make up to me for the loss of you?" he cried sharply. "It was bad enough to think that you might have been the wife of a man rich enough to give you a good home, that the chap may be an unrepentant blackguard, without a penny to bless himself with, and I hate the idea of your belonging to him. Rosemary, I would rather have seen you dead."

"I do not belong to him," she said in a low voice. "He will never be more than he is to me now, and I hope I shall never see him again."

"I cannot let you go away like this—alone and miserable—dearest," he went on. "Won't you stay for my mother's sake—for mine?" he added in a hoarse voice; "because, though I love you with all my heart and soul, I would keep away from you, dear, if you wished it, and never speak to you. It would be happiness enough to know that you were here, breathing the same air with me—living beneath the same roof."

"I won't promise that I will always stay," she murmured. "I could not—oh, don't you see, dear, I burst out—"If I saw you every day I should hate ever to go away. I—I love you."

His hands caught and held her fluttering ones. "God bless you for those words!" he broke out. "At first, when I saw you with that man, instead of coming to me in the library, as I asked you to do, I let it go. I let it go, I thought you had ceased to care, and I was wretched."

"I never got any note," Rosemary said quickly. "I remember now that Miss Craven shot her door as I went past. I wonder if she knew anything about it?"

"Sir Douglas's face hardened as he remembered how Laura had been in the library instead of Rosemary, and how he had tried to instill doubt in his mind against her."

"I suppose she intercepted it," he said, "but it doesn't matter now, darling," he went on. "Through all that has happened, both to each other's hearts."

Rosemary did not speak. Her lips quivered, and her eyes filled with tears. If only she had never, never gone to the agency on that foggy day she would never have met Philip Craven, nor have come to this house in the gloomy square to go through that hideous marriage."

"Oh, why did I ever consent to such an awful thing?" she cried bitterly. "The more I think of it the more I hate and loathe it."

And yet if you had not gone out that day we should never have met," Sir Douglas answered. "I cannot think it was all evil, and perhaps—who knows?—one day may meet happiness from Fate at the eleventh hour."

Rosemary looked at him with tears in her eyes. "Thank you for comforting me, dear," she whispered. "I shall always love you—always—your love is the only bright memory in my life. And now I must say good-by," she went on, after a pause; "Lady Mallaby will want me."

BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.  
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# Novelties in Washington's Smart Shops

By DOROTHY AVERY HOWARD

A very valuable mezzotint now exhibited by an art dealer in G street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth, shows the late Queen Victoria of England at the age of four years. The picture was executed by Stephenson, one of the best known of the few really good mezzotint artists of to-day.

It is valuable, of course, because of its subject, and also because the edition is a limited one, the Washington firm owning perhaps all that may be had in this country at the present time. Another of Stephenson's mezzotints, which is even more valuable, is the "Mona Lisa," painted by Leonardo Da Vinci. This has greatly enhanced in its price because of the fact that the edition has been entirely exhausted and the plate destroyed.

A modern mezzotint depicts a mother and child, by Will Henderson, the title being "Fairy Days." Rarely have I seen a face more classically perfect than the mother's in this picture.

An exceptional opportunity to buy dainty pieces of Limoges china at a low price is offered the patrons of a department store near Eleventh and G streets this week. Comb and brush trays, salad bowls, chocolate pots, cake plates, small patterns, olive dishes—any of these may be had in beautifully decorated designs for 5c cents. Think of the pretty Christmas gifts you can select from this display!

An attractive novelty is the "Solitary" deck of cards, which comes in miniature size in a silver case, small enough to be attached to the chainette, where my lady of fashion carries her vanity bag, coin purse, hemlock pad, and other gewgaws in silver. A jeweler in F street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets,

is showing this new trinket in the plain silver for \$2.50, or engraved for \$5. A dull hour may be whiled away with a game of solitaire, if one has the little deck handy.

A very fine watch for a man is shown by a well-known firm of jewelers in Pennsylvania avenue, near Eleventh street. It is of 14-karat gold, and has a bracket, on which it rests upright on one's chiffonier or bureau, so the time may be easily learned at a glance upon waking in the morning. It can be used as a pocket time-piece also, as the bracket folds up in a flat case, resembling one in which cigarettes are carried.

A shoe store in the Avenue, not far from the corner of Tenth street, which carries only one make of footwear, is showing some very smart feminine dress shoes in the fashionable gold satins of this season at \$7 a pair.

A new high-ball set shown by a jeweler in F street near Tenth, is decorated with silver deposit, and the small whiskey glass serves as a stopper for the decanter. The set sells for \$6.50.

One of the best models I have seen this autumn in women's suits has just been made to order for a ready-to-wear shop in G street, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. It is fashioned from a design which is one of the advanced spring models, showing a skirt perfectly plain except for a panel in the front and back alike, with a single dart on either hip. The coat is of medium length—the length, most generally becoming to the average figure—and has lines which are semi-fitting and youthful looking. Indeed, the suit—which is brought out in a very fine grade of cheviot, in a rough weave, yet with none of the rough appearance of some cheviots, which

## SEAMSTRESSES LAY PLANS.

### Union Charter Will Be Granted Next Sunday Afternoon.

Seamstresses and alteration hands met again last night in Typographical Temple for the purpose of furthering the organization of the Woman's Garment Workers Protective Association. Next Sunday afternoon a meeting will be held and a charter to form a union granted. The meeting last night was an enthusiastic one, and every one present was delegated a committee of one to urge members of their trade to attend the meeting Sunday afternoon, when addresses will be made by leading workers in the Woman's Trades Union League and the Woman's Suffrage Association. Charles D. Seals, general organizer of the American Federation of Labor, is in charge of the movement.

## GUARDIANS TO BE NAMED

### Orphans Court Will Decide on Handling of Gray Fund.

### Large Sum Raised Through The Washington Herald Soon to Be Turned Over.

Letters of guardianship in the cases of the Gray children, whose parents were killed at Tuxedo, will be taken out shortly in the Orphans' Court of Prince George County, Md., and announcement will then be made as to the proposed handling of the fund raised through The Washington Herald to pay off the mortgage on the Gray home and provide for the five children.

Attorney Robert W. Wells, who has charge of the necessary court proceedings, is keeping in touch with the situation as it affects the safety and welfare of the children, and gives assurance that they are not suffering for the want of proper care and attention up to date.

A recent issue of the Baltimore Sun contained the following:  
While waiting on the railroad track near Tuxedo, Md., a man and his wife were struck by a train and instantly killed. In their cottage not far away were five little children, orphaned in an instant. The accident in which Mr. and Mrs. Gray were killed shocked the entire community. Many others had walked along the same track, never considering the fact that they were jeopardizing their own lives and running the risk of leaving their babies alone in the world.

The fate of these children, left without father, mother, or near relatives, touched the hearts of thousands. Friends were raised upon every hand. They were not dressed expensively—only considering the fact that they were jeopardizing their own lives and running the risk of leaving their babies alone in the world.

The amount of the fund subscribed through The Washington Herald is now in neighborhood of \$2,000.

## HAPPY FARMERS IN TOWN.

### Celebrate Advent of Railroad Into Lykens Valley, Pa.

It is not often in these swift-moving days that an entire community celebrates the coming of a railroad to its borders. But that is what the citizens of Lykens Valley, Pennsylvania, are doing, and a train load of them are in Washington to observe the auspicious event.

The heart of this rich and fertile valley has waited patiently the advent of the railroad for half a century. Recently a group of Philadelphia capitalists decided to build the Midland Pennsylvania Railroad, running through the Lykens Valley. It is now complete. In celebration of this fact, forty of the prominent farmers, bankers, and business men in this hitherto secluded tract are enjoying a little journey to Washington, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, seeing the sights.

The special party arrived in Washington Tuesday and leaves at 1 o'clock this afternoon for Baltimore. To-morrow they go to Philadelphia, and on Tuesday "back home."

## COAST TO BE PATROLLED.

### Ten Revenue Cutters Will Hurry to Ships in Distress.

The entire Atlantic coast, from Florida to Maine, will be patrolled this winter by government revenue cutters, which can hurry to the aid of ships in distress and perhaps cut down the winter toll of wrecks and drownings at sea.

There are ten cutters at the disposal of the government for this patrol work, which has never been attempted before. Last year the cutters, although not patrolling the coast, went to the rescue of 16 vessels, summoned by wireless or in other ways from their stations. These 16 vessels were valued at more than \$10,000,000.

The cutters will take up the patrol work on December 1, and will continue it until late in April.

# S. KANN'SONS

8th St. & Pa. Ave.  
"THE BUSY CORNER"

## DRESS GOODS

### Remnant Lengths

\$1.50 ALL-WOOL SUITINGS, good colorings, 50 inches wide	A Yd.
\$1.50 ALL-WOOL TWEEDS, good colors, 50 inches wide	
\$1.50 ALL-WOOL HOPSACKING, in colors, 50 inches wide	
\$1.50 NATTE SUITING, all wool, 50 inches wide, in colors	
\$1.50 TWO-TONED CHEVIOT, all wool, 50 inches wide	
\$1.50 ZIBELINE, all wool, 54 inches wide, in colors	49c
\$1.25 SERGE, all wool, 50 inches wide, in colors	
\$1.50 VOILE, all wool, 44 inches wide, black only	59c
\$1.75 and \$2.00 BROADCLOTHS, 64 inches wide, in good colorings and lengths; plenty of blacks also. A yard	
\$1.75 TO \$2.50 ALL-WOOL DRESS GOODS, A YARD	\$1.29
64-inch All-wool Broadcloths	
64-inch All-wool Cheviots	
64-inch All-wool Serges	
45-inch All-wool Henriettas	
45-inch All-wool Scotch Tweeds	
45-inch Silk Poplins	

## 39c to \$1.00

# Linings for 25c Yd.

The better grades of lining in excellent lengths for to-day.  
Choice of 35-inch Lining Satin in good range of colors, Venetians in plain colors, and Striped Gray Venetian Lining.  
Any of these to-day at the one price—25c yard—First Floor.

## MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

"THE right use of money is to accomplish what you wish with it."—Mary Lyons, founder of Mount Holyoke.  
Do you know I wish I were clever enough to edit a woman's dictionary, containing some of the words that the feminine sex seem to need to have defined.

"Extravagance" and "economy," for instance.  
On a little fifty-mile train trip that I took yesterday, I counted four women on the train wearing white gloves.

They were not dressed expensively—you could have bought every stitch any one of them had on, from skirtette to pump, and from skin to coat for a hundred dollars, and yet, were I a man with a moderate income, looking for a reasonably economical wife, these are the sort of women I would at once place as impossible.

Why?  
Because, using the word in its right meaning, I consider that those white gloves represented more extravagance than far larger expenditures, a twenty-dollar willow plume or eight-dollar shoes, for instance.

For my idea of sartorial extravagance is not, as so many women consider it, just spending a lot of money on your clothes. Nor do I think economy conversely is spending very little money.

I think extravagance is spending your money without getting good value for it, and economy is the converse.

To sum it up in Mary Lyons's words:  
"The right use of money is to accomplish what you wish with it."

White gloves cost more than dark gloves in initial outlay, in greater fragility, and in cleansing expense, whether of time or money.

Used for everyday wear, on a train or shopping excursion, they are both bad taste and unattractive, because even if they are perfectly fresh when they are put on they will be badly soiled by the time they are taken off.

Presumably these women spent more money to clothe themselves in white gloves in order to look extra well. They most emphatically did not accomplish what they wish with their outlay. Therefore, I call them extravagant.

I'm not writing all this to inveigh against the habit of wearing white gloves on all occasions. I have no especial grudge against white gloves. I simply take them as typical of the hundred and one little ways in which the American woman, especially that class of her who can least afford it, is extravagant.

She buys fragile and delicately colored materials for everyday wear; she buys ultra styles in cheap grade when she ought to buy a two-season style in a better grade; she purchases elaborate and unsuitable accessories, such as white gloves and fragile furs.

As a consequence, she looks well dressed for a brief time, and very poorly dressed for a very long time. She is spending her money to be well dressed, and because of her lack of judgment she falls in her object. And that's what I call extravagance